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TELEMACHUS.

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A

MASQUE.

Set to Music

By PHIL. HAYES, Bac. Mus.

LONDON:

Sold by Meſſrs CURTIS, at *Shakeſpear's-Head* in *Fleetſtreet*;
and Mr. SHOPSHIRE in *New-Bond-Street*. MDCCLXV.

[Price One Shilling.]

TELEMACHUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MENTOR.

~~TELEMACHUS.~~

CALYPSO. }
PARTHENOPE. } Nymphs.
EUCHARIS. }
LEUCOTHEA. }

CHORUS of NYMPHS.

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TELEMACHUS.

A MASQUE.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

MENTOR. *Recitative*

WHEN the bright Star that uſhers in the Morn,
Roſe from the Deep, I left the Empyreal Throne,
Veiling *Minerva*'s Brightneſs in the Form
Of *Mentor* Sage; to ſave his royal Charge,
Telemachus, from the enticing Charms
Of mean, inglorious Eaſe: but hark! the Nymphs
With feſtive Band tune forth their ſprightly Song.

LEUCOTHEA. *Air.*

Softly tread, O Virgin Train,
O'er the glitt'ring dewy Plain;
Softly place your ſounding Feet,
Near the ſacred Bow'rs Retreat.
Leſt any rude unhallow'd Air,
Borne from your Steps, ſhould pierce her Ear.

Da Capo.

A PARTHE-

PARTHENOPE. *Recitative.*

Let us congratulate our Princely Gueſt
With ſweeteſt Songs; for ſo our Queen commanded.

PARTHENOPE. *Air.*

Happy Youth, whom Neptune's Tide
Hath to theſe tranquil Regions ſent;
No fell Cares our Bliſs divide,
But all is Peace, and calm Content.
Come, then, Ye Nymphs, begin your Lay,
To Hail the glad Return of Day.

Da Capo.

PARTHENOPE. *Accompanied Recitative.*

Come, then, ſweet Virgins, tune a melting ſtrain,
Let Muſic's Softeſt, moſt Harmonious Voice
Steal on our Queen, and gentle Sounds convey,
Sweet Notice of the vernal Morn's Approach.

Symphony.

Duetto. EUCHARIS & LEUCOTHEA.

O beauteous Queen ariſe,
For many a Flow'r is blown to meet
The preſſure of thy Snowy Feet.
Uncloſe, bright Nymph, thy radiant Eyes,
O lovely, beauteous Queen, ariſe.

PARTHE-

PARTHENOPE. *Recitative.*

She hears, ſhe wakes, and ſoon ſhall ſtrike your Sight,
With Charms more pleaſing than the Beams of Light.

CALYPSO. *Recitative.*

My gentle Virgins; with unwearied Ear
Your Queen attended, and applauds your Strains;
Fair Youth, whatever ſenſe of ſweet Delight
Can flow to mortal Spirits, fill thine Heart:
Then, why that Sorrow painted on thy Face?
Bleſt in my Love, enjoy the preſent Hour.

CALYPSO. *Air.*

Seize the Bleſſing while 'tis thine;
Gentle Youth, ah why Delay?
Venus' Bleſſings are divine,
Seize, O ſeize them, while you may.
Seek not the Toils of War to prove,
But yield thy gentle Soul to Love.

Da Capo.

TELEMACHUS. *Accompanied — Recitative.*

O beauteous Queen, I muſt not, dare not ſtay;
Honour and Arms forbid a Life of Eaſe:
Yet ſtill my Heart perſuades; — ah no! I go, 'tis Glory calls;
And I, tho' loth, muſt follow.

TELE-

TELEMACHUS. *Air.*

Thro' the bright embatteled Plain,
A Deathleſs Name in Arms to gain,
To hurl Defiance on the Foe,
And deck with Laurel Wreaths my Brow.
Inglorious Luxury I ſcorn;
No Roſe for me without it's Thorn. *Da Capo.*

PARTHENOPE. *Recitative.*

Yet ſtay awhile, nor damp the preſent Joy,
With Thought of future Care: brief is thy Life,
And ſhort thy Date of Pleaſure.

AIR *and* CHORUS.

Soon arrives thy fatal Hour,
Death and Hell aſſert their Pow'r:
Vain Man! thy Tale is told,
Thy Charnel's built, thy Knell is knoll'd.

CALYPSO. *Recitative.*

Hence with theſe mournful Airs;
Let rather ſprightly Deſcant fill the Grove.

TELEMACHUS. *Air.*

Airy Phantom! flatt'ring Bubble!
Fame, I tear thee from my Breaſt!
Empty Source of Pain and Trouble;
Leave, ah! leave me here to reſt.

Duetta,

Duetto, TELEMACHUS *and* CALYPSO.

Tel. *Fame, adieu; to Love I bow:*
Gentle Venus *hear my Vow.*
Cal. Paphian *Queen, with Myrtle crown'd;*
Haſte, oh! haſte, and breathe around.
Both. *Love ſhall ev'ry Hour employ:*
Venus, *haſte! and crown our Joy.*

LEUCOTHEA. *Recitative.*

Then ſtrike your Lyres, and louder breathe each Voice;
The preſent Moment crown with rapt'rous Joy,
And Praiſes loud of our immortal Queen.

AIR *and* CHORUS.

Sound her Praiſe, and pierce the Sky.
Each Lute, each Voice employ,
In bold, expreſſive Sounds of Joy,
Immortal Strains of rapt'rous Harmony.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

MENTOR. *Recitative.*

PRince, from the Brow of yonder lofty Rock
Appears a Veſſel riding in the Calm:
We'll wait the friendly Bark's arrival here,
And eager ſeize the bleſt Occaſion gain'd.

TELEMACHUS. *Recitative.*

Why ſhou'd we quit this ſoft delicious Seat
Of more than human Bliſs? why leave theſe Scenes,
Theſe tranquil Scenes of Eaſe? No, here I'll ſtay;
Here with my Eucharis, if Fate ſo will,
My cloudleſs Days I'll ſpend. O gentle Nymph
Fly not, nor to me turn a deafen'd Ear:
Give me thy Love, the reſt I leave to Fate.

AIR.

Ah! look not gentle Nymph with Scorn;
My Suit, my Vows approve:
Why leave me beauteous Maid forlorn,
Thus pierc'd with heart-felt Love.

EUCHA-

EUCHARIS. *Accompanied — Recitative.*

Ah gentle Youth, I feel the ſame ſoft Pow'r.
A ſecret Tranſport that I never knew,
Mix'd with unuſual Senſe of ſweet Delight,
Steals on my Fancy, and divides my Thoughts.
My Fate ſhall go with thine; where thou ſhalt lead,
I'll gladly follow ——

AIR.

For thee I'd quit this heav'nly Dwelling
And leave this ſweet Domain:
Thy Preſence all my Cares diſpelling,
I'd ne'er of Fate complain.
From my Telemachus *I'd never ſtray,*
But love, and ſport, and ſing the live-long Day.

CALYPSO. *Accompanied — Recitative.*

Ha! then is this the Object of his Love!
Eucharis! loweſt of the menial Train
Preferr'd to me! Fury, Rage, Paſſion tear me;
Both, both ſhall feel my direſt Vengeance.

AIR.

Wretches! Victims to my Ire,
Soon ye both ſhall prove:
Revenge and Hate my Soul inſpire,
And Rage ſucceeds to Love.

EUCHA-

EUCHARIS *and* TELEMACHUS.

DUETTO.

On me, Oh Queen, thy Fury prove;
But ſpare, for Pity, ſpare my Love.

CALYPSO. *Recitative.*

I feel my Rage ſubſide; 'tis not their Crime,
For even Immortals feel the Power of Love.

CALYPSO. *Air.*

Love reigns ſupreme: if Love inſpire,
Immortals too muſt yield.
Jove *quits his Sceptre,* Sol *his Lyre,*
And Mars *forſakes the Field.*
Then live, and Time's ſwift Moments ſpend,
In ſoft Delights, which Love attend.

Da Capo.

Enter MENTOR.

MENTOR. *Recitative.*

Oh dead to Nature and to Glory's call,
'Twere better ſure thy earlieſt Youth were ſeiz'd
By Death's relentleſs Hand, (ſuch Deeds perform'd
As might enroll thee in Fames ſplendid Page)
Than to remain unheard, unknown, unprais'd,
Loſt to the Voice of Glory, and of Honour.

AIR.

AIR.

Rouſe, O rouſe thy gen'rous Flame;
To Arms, to Arms away:
Honour, Glory, Victory, Fame,
Forbid thee here to ſtay.
[*Chorus the ſame.*]

TELEMACHUS. *Recitative.*

Then muſt I go, and leave theſe dear Delights,
Sweet *Eucharis*, how cruel thus to part,
And leave my beſt, my deareſt half behind!

DUETT.

Adieu! — yet think, thou ſweeteſt {*Nymph,* / *Youth,*
When ſever'd thus from thee,
Think! — Ah who knows if thou, my Love,
Wilt ever think on me.

MENTOR. *Recitative.*

Young Prince aſcend a little more the Rock,
Nor dally thus; my friendly Hand
Shall puſh thee from this Iſle to better Proſpects.
[*Puſhes him off the Rock.*]

CHORUS.

Mourn, ah mourn, lament and ſigh,
Your tender Boſoms beat;
Amid the Deeps the Prince does lie,
Mourn, Nymphs, his hapleſs Fate.

CALYPSO. *Recitative.*

With downcaſt Looks, and heaving Sighs,
See lovely *Eucharis* advance; the Nymph,
By ſympathetic Woe inſpir'd,
Her throbbing Breaſt beats oft, and ſtill laments.

EUCHARIS. *Air.*

1.

'Tis thus the fragrant Primoſe flies,
That erſt breath'd grateful ſweets around;
It's Bloom is loſt, it's Beauty dies,
And drooping ſtrews the moſſy Ground.

2.

Along the wide forſaken Shore
I'll wander penſive and alone:
And wild re-echoing Rocks implore,
To tell me where my Love is gone.

From

3.

From early Morn to Evening's Close
My Voice ſhall ceaſeleſs call on thee,
And conſtant as yon Riv'let flows
My trickling Tears ſhall ever be.

MENTOR. *Recitative.*

Better be drown'd amid the briny Waves,
Than be o'verwhelm'd with Floods of ſoothing Pleaſures.

AIR.

Better ſtem the foamy Deep,
Than be loſt in Pleaſure's Tide;
Better midſt the Waves to ſleep,
Than in Calypſo's *Iſle t' abide.*

RECITATIVE.

Then wonder not, *Calypſo* you're a Goddeſs;
To you I ſhew myſelf, nor farther ſeek
To find the Paths of Wiſdom —

CALYPSO. *Recitative.*

My Virgins, let not this diſturb your Sports;
The Prince is ſafe. *Minerva*'s guiding Hand,
In hoary MENTOR's Shape his Steps conducted,
And he ſhall ſhine in Honour, Fame, and Virtue.
For us, let ev'ry Joy that Art can frame,

Or niceſt Senſe conceive, unite their Force,
To fill this happy Iſle with all Delights.

CHORUS.

Sounds of Praiſe ſhall pierce the Sky;
Each Lute, each Voice employ,
In bold expreſſive Notes of Joy;
Immortal Strains of rapt'rous Harmony.

FINIS.